

The First Grandmother

of Walton, N. Y.

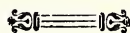




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The First Grandmother of Walton

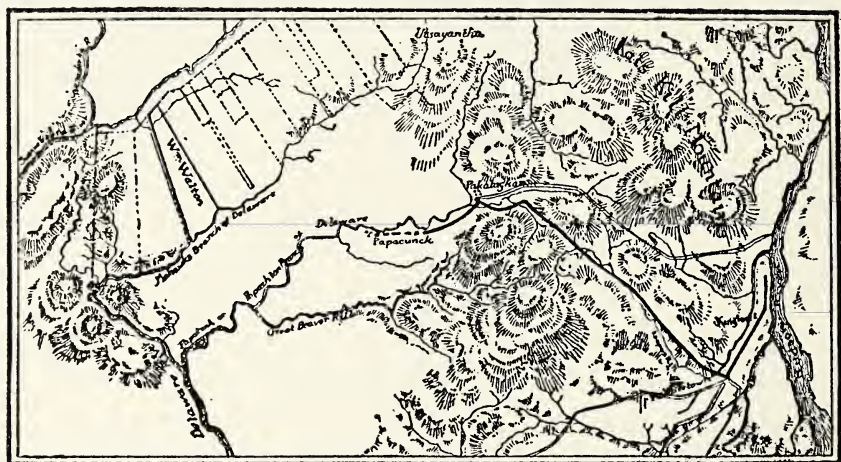
MARGARET FURMAN NORTH
Revolutionary War Patriot and Intrepid Pioneer



By
Descendant ARTHUR W. NORTH
of the line of Robert North
With a foreword by descendant MABEL T. BOARDMAN
of the line of Elizabeth North Stockton

1926

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Section Showing
UPPER BRANCHES of the DELAWARE RIVER

Taken From GOVERNOR TRYONS Map of the PROVINCE of NEW YORK as Made in 1779

FOREWORD.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

We who have the good fortune of being the descendants of such a woman as Margaret Furman North should accept with that good fortune certain responsibilities. The worthy traditions of the past serve their best purpose when they become inspirations for the present and the future.

The fact that our ancestors were men and women of noble and honorable character and of fine, courageous lives places upon us an obligation to prove ourselves worthy of these ancestors. We must see to it that we in our turn hand down to future generations the same traditions that today give us such just pride. As these our forbears lived, so must we, each in our time and generation, leaving an inheritance to those who come after us, not of things material but of things spiritual, an inheritance of faith, of honor, of courage, of endurance and of service to our God, our country and our fellow men.

MABEL T. BOARDMAN.

Washington, D. C., October 1, 1926.

INTRODUCTION.

Recently there were sent out some two hundred copies of a circular letter, in part reading as follows, viz:

A 1926 RECOGNITION FOR OUR 1776 GRANDMOTHER.

Rev. Frank Mason North, Hon. Chairman, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Master Vaughan North, Vice Chairman, Descendant of Benjamin North, Jr.

Master John Platt Townsend, Vice Chairman, Descendant of Mary North Smith.

Hon. Arthur W. North, Local Historian, Walton, N. Y.

Master Robert Carver North, Secretary, Descendant of Robert North.

Master Richard Sturgis Pond, Treasurer, Descendant of Elizabeth North Stockton.

Miss Annie White, Directress of Children, Walton, New York.

Walton, N. Y., August 15, 1926.

Dear Co-Descendant :

This notice is directed to you because family records dating back over two centuries show that you, too, are a lineal descendant of

MARGARET FURMAN NORTH,

and at 4 P. M., Saturday, August 28, 1926, at Walton, Delaware County, New York, there is to be dedicated a tablet inscribed as follows, viz :

"The Mountains Shall Bring Peace.

"Here rests the 'Mother of us all,' MARGARET FURMAN NORTH, born at Newtown, Long Island, January 30th, 1724, died at Walton, New York, January 27, 1797. Her resolute character she instilled into her children: Benjamin, Abigail (Remsen), Mary (Smith), Gabriel, Robert, Martha (Gosline) and Elizabeth (Stockton). In August, 1776, she saw her husband, Benjamin North, an officer of the Newtown company, march forth to the defense of his country, with sons and sons-in-law at his side. By that struggle her home was ravaged and she was widowed. Thereafter, late in 1787, crossing the Delaware 32 times in the journey, she heroically made her way to Walton, where she passed her last days, ever a source of encouragement to the pioneer settlers. On this 28th day of August, 1926, the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Long Island, this memorial is erected by her descendants to her honor.

'Her Children Shall Rise up and Call Her Blessed.'

You are cordially invited to attend the dedication, and if you have children bring them, for in their hands will be the main portion of the ceremonies.

The river and the mountains that grandma crossed have still their pristine charm, the settlement she helped found is still a lovely village of hospitable homes; but the trails she threaded through the wilderness today are glistening highways.

Whether your interests be abstractly patriotic, or specially devoted to the D. A. R. and the S. A. R., whether you merely take a just pride in good blood in your veins or wish a background to place before your children, you can feel satisfaction in referring to our 1776 grandmother. The tablet briefly gives her own record. The ancestors of her father, Gabriel Furman, settled in Massachusetts in 1631; through her mother, Abigail Howard, her lineage was said to reach back to the Earl of Passy who fought under the banners of William, the Conqueror. From the descendants of Margaret Furman North no wartime call of the nation has failed to find ready response; and in matters religious, political, domestic and social their station has ever been an honorable one.

One hundred and fifty years ago grandma helped make this nation. Does not that mean that we, of such old and worthy American stock, have some responsibility in keeping alive her fine principles?

Toward the expenses of the tablet you may contribute not to exceed one dollar and for each minor child in your family half that sum. If making the subscription be inconvenient, let that go, but do not fail to send a message of greeting.

Is it not rather nice to feel that harking back to such fine spirits as grandmother we span the life of the American nation?"

Coincident with the mailing of the circular letter, a tablet, in size 13" by 15", was being cast at a most reasonable figure (through the eminent good will of certain bronze workers in Rome, New York). Thereafter, on August 27, thanks to the assistance of village trustee, Robert Woodburn, skilled worker in stone, a suitable quarter ton boulder was located

on North's hill, loaded on a truck and, after being drilled to receive the tablet, conveyed to the Walton cemetery, where it was placed under the shadow of the John T. St. John monument. During these proceedings rain fell intermittently. When the boulder had been pried into position, however, and the bronze tablet cemented into place, then the sun peeped forth an inquiring moment and for the instant the clear cut inscription and the rugged boulder were bathed in golden light. With that glow about me, a vivid picture flashed across my mind. The boulder seemed back again on North's hill. Seated on it was a bright tender eyed little lady in colonial dress while about her were grouped sturdy boys and sweet faced girls, their baskets of luscious wild berries forgotten as dear grandmother told again of that dreadful day on Long Island. The picture faded, and as I looked up the name of my father (he rests out by the Pacific) stood out on the nearby North monument. Another instant my eyes traveled on to the names of Gabriel North, Jr., Robert North, Jr., Cyrus North, Samuel North, of Sally and Deborah, of Richard Stockton, Mary Stockton St. John and others, all clean lived, brave spirited citizens of long ago, gone to their final rest, honored and loved. They are the ancestors of us, the living, they were the eager group once gathered about the brave woman we now honor. For how much that is the innate best within us must we give credit to the teachings and influence of her, the first grandmother in the community!

The families of Gabriel and Robert North, of Furman, Pine and Townsend founded Walton May 16, 1785. Townsend, a graduate of Yale and the University of Edinburgh, had served in the revolution as an examining surgeon for the American army and navy. Joshua Pine, senior, a native of Hempstead, L. I., was a patriot of considerable means who had suffered for his patriotism by being thrown into a British prison. Gabriel and Robert North were sons and Will Furman, a nephew, of Margaret Furman North. Of Walton,

the community these pioneers established, it has recently been said: "The clean home atmosphere early created lingers on. Today 86% of the population of their town are second, third and fourth generation white Americans, while in the Manhattan they left scarce 20% are so classified and in their town the percentage of illiterates is but one-tenth of what it is in New York City."

Yes, an altogether attractive little city is Walton today.

PART FIRST.

THE DEDICATION.

“The morning sky of August 28, 1776, was lowering and heavy with masses of vapor which hung like a funeral pall,” a drear and altogether providential condition, enabling Washington the ensuing evening to effect in safety the withdrawal from Long Island of the American army. This we learn in the “Notes on Brooklyn” written a century ago by the industrious antiquarian, Gabriel Furman. Perhaps such weather came in direct response to prayers of his brave kinswoman, Margaret Furman North. And then 150 years later, after days and days of dark weather, dawned this August 28, a rare day, beautiful beyond compare and balmy, with mellow sunlight and a cloudless sky overhead. Perhaps such radiance came in response to descendant Josephine Porter Van Name’s cheery telegram, “Greetings and sincere good wishes that the sun may shine on grandma Margaret’s tablet.” By 4 P. M. about the soldier’s monument in Walton’s beautiful cemetery some three hundred people of all ages were gathered. A fifteen minutes’ wait followed receipt of a long distance message advising that a car bearing a five year old descendant and anxious grandfather was rapidly making up lost time. Then facing about on the slope by the soldiers monument and announcing that the honorary chairman, Rev. Frank Mason North, of New York, had written of his inability to be present, Arthur North called upon fourteen year old Vaughn North, lineal descendant of Col. Benjamin North, eldest son of Margaret Furman North, to preside. Accepting the responsibility the lad asked Harris Sawyer, Jr., descendant of the daughter, Mary North (Smith), to sound the assembly. Trim in boy scout uniform, Harris raised his bugle and the stirring notes rang out. Then the Rev. Stanley North, pastor of the Congregational Church, offered prayer, saying:

"Eternal God, as we gather to honor the first grandmother of this community, our minds are caused to think of that earlier day when these hills and our fair valley were entirely forest-covered. Into this land, then frontier, came the fathers. We acknowledge that we are what we are because of what they were. Their courage, their indomitable spirit, their reverence for and love of the Great Spirit characterized this community in its youth and have had an abiding influence throughout the years. Their lives have been lived. Ours are yet to be lived. We pray Thee that this occasion may be for us a challenge. May we be filled with an impelling desire to build into the future foundations for fine character even as they built into that frontier settlement strong physical and moral fibre.

"We pray especially for these little people gathered to grace this occasion. May they grow up to be worthy of that first grandmother that they may honor her by their lives as well as by the spoken word and in the ceremony of this hour.

"We pray in Jesus' name. Amen."

Sickness in his family prevented the attendance of Mayor A. J. Courtney. In his behalf descendant Howell B. Townsend, principal of the Walton High School and president of the local Kiwanis Club,* read the following address:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

"At the instance of our local historian, Hon. Arthur W. North, I have been glad to come and to join in your unique proceedings here in this beautiful city of our revered dead. Not just houses, or places of business, or public buildings, constitute a city. These are but the outer husk. It is the people that make the strength of a community. And the strength of the people is the sum of the strength of its families. When we men of today turn back in memory to the yesterday that was our boyhood, our hearts are wont to beat with warmth in the recollection of some kindly, beloved grand-

*The local Chamber of Commerce was officially represented by descendant Earl Sheffield St. John.

mother. Yes, the strength of three generations surely exceeds that of two.

"And so, a staunch believer in our fine little City of Walton, as its Mayor, I take great pleasure here today in paying official respect to the memory of the first grandmother in Walton. In regard to this occasion, a most notable descendant, Miss Mabel T. Boardman, of Washington, has aptly written:

"I believe there is no better service that we can render to the coming generations than by keeping them informed of the noble lives and high purposes of their ancestors, so that they may continue and carry on a citizenship worthy of their forebears."

"I concur in this noble expression so splendidly expressed and I hope our youth will gain inspiration from this tablet and that from afar descendants will bring hither, as to a sacred shrine, their children that they, too, may seek to carry on after the devoted example of this brave spirited grandmother."

Following the Mayor's address, the youthful chairman successively summoned before him boy and girl descendants. The boys were led by Julius St. John a few rods along the graveled driveway and then a dozen steps over a grassy walk to the site of the final resting place of their ancestress. Meanwhile the girls, guided by Frances White and Emily Guild Shinn, took their station at the end of the lane opposite the boy's position. Now the bugle sounded attention and the boys raising aloft the seven draping flags unveiled the tablet. The bugle sounded two notes, and in response forward came the little girls two by two. All were dressed in white and each carried in one hand a diminutive basket filled with yellow golden glow. Slowly they marched, coming under the flags and the saber* of revolutionary days which the boys, stationed in two opposite lines, held aloft forming an arch. Passing by the boulder, upon its slanting bronze tablet, the little

*Gift from Marquis de Lafayette to Major John Pine.

maids dropped their gay posies. Scarce a year old, wee Margaret Ellen White, very deliberately overturned in a massed cluster her entire basket of flowers, hiding for the moment the name of the Margaret of long ago.

The wonderful encircling mountain horizon, the glorious day, the wide eyed little ones in white, the serious faced boys with sword and flags, the riot of yellow flowers, the green acres of closely trimmed turf with orderly glistening slabs and intermittent monuments; it was an impressive sight, bringing tears to many an eye. Then Effingham North, a grandfather just at hand, after two days' hard travel, read from a North family Bible of long ago, beginning at the 10th verse of the 31st chapter of Proverbs:

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchant's ships; she bringeth her food from far.

"She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens.

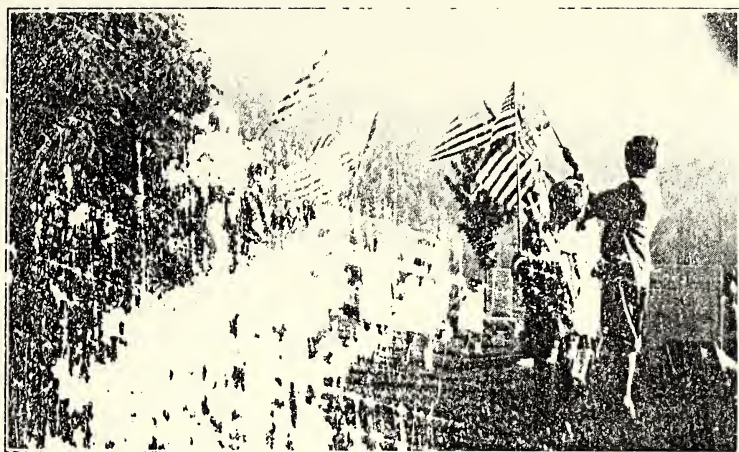
"She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

"She girdeth her loins with strength and strengtheneth her arms.

"She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle; and her hands hold the distaf.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.



The children at the unveiling.



DR. PLATT TOWNSEND
Founder of Walton

His son William married a daughter of Mary North Smith

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

"She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"She maketh fine linen and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

"Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed."

At the conclusion of the reading, led by Howell Townsend, the gathering sang "America," and then Arthur North spoke in place of Rev. Frank Mason North, saying in part:

"On this anniversary day we come to do honor, not to a great warrior, nor yet to a statesman, but to a brave and virtuous woman. In so doing we are honored, for we are of her blood. We know of wars fought on the continent thousands of miles from our shores, we know of war waged on distant islands, some few here know of war that devastated our southlands. But this spirited woman whom we come to honor heard musket balls singing across the streets of her quiet native village; she saw the shrieking shells exploding over her home; she witnessed alike the going forth of patriot soldiery and the mad onset of savage Hessian and fierce Highlanders. We know of war backed by an entire people; in the revolution 60 per cent of the fighting strength of the colonies was not available to General Washington. Communities, families, were divided. For this patriotic woman there was no such division: her brothers and nephews, her husband, sons and sons-in-law were ranged on the side of the colonies. Back of her to the days of William the Conqueror, genera-

tions of her people had served under the king, but now to her, liberty meant more than king. And shortly she must suffer for her stand. First, came exile from Newtown, which after the battle served as headquarters for Lord Howe. Bereavement followed, her husband dying in a war camp by the Hudson, far from their home, in 1777. Another year and her son-in-law, Gabriel Smith, was seriously injured, and an added anxiety was hers, for her eldest son, engaged in secret military service on Long Island, following the path of the lamented Nathan Hale. Ere this her eldest daughter, Abigail, wife of the brave Captain Luke Remsen, was dead, leaving a little daughter, Margaret—please remember her. And early in 1779, Elizabeth, 14 year baby of the patriot family, slipped over to Long Island, there marrying Charles W. Stockton, of hated tory politics, but a brilliant, reliable man. Finally, after seven years' exile, grandmother North again came to Newtown. What a change! Buildings had been injured, boundaries effaced, fences burned. Even the family house of worship, the Presbyterian Church, had been used as a stable for hostile cavalry, and tories, with sardonic humor, had sawed through the steeple, letting it fall. The woodlands, pride of the community, had been despoiled of thousands of cords of wood. Even the brushwood had been taken for military fascines. Scarred and unnatural was the face of the meadows, for the Hessians, in search for peat, had ripped up the fields right and left. But her rare spirits never flagged. Early in 1785 she bade her sons, Gabriel and Robert, God speed as they departed to search out the Indian lands by the headwaters of the Delaware. Another winter and from Gabriel came a letter telling of the new mountain home where he had 'laid a foundation for all the happiness this world can afford.' On October 25, 1787, Gabriel Smith, revolutionary soldier, died. Despite the advanced season, Widow North, gathering her own about her, at once set forth for Walton, where, in addition to sons and known grandchildren was a brand new little grandson, Samuel North, first

born white child of Walton, with a brief and brilliant manhood before him. Captain Charles Stockton and Richard Gosline were the men of the party, their wives, the bereft Mary North Smith and eight little children completed the company, Mary Stockton, later the wife of John T. St. John, was eight years old. Her brother, Richard, was two, Elizabeth Smith* was a year and baby Samuel Gosline was but three months. On the screen we see depicted and in novels we read of thrilling western adventures, but what more trying experience than this wintry wilderness journey of these women and babes!

* * * * *

In 1806 this little pioneer married Elisha Sawyer. I am obliged to descendant J. Harris Sawyer for an old bit of verse concerning the mother of Elisha. After narrating how a marauding British squadron came in olden days to the Sawyer home in Vermont while men folk were absent, it continues:

“The officer turned,
While his anger within him burned,
And drew his sword, and above her head
He swung the blade, then with a loud oath said
He would cleave her skull; but the gritty dame,
Cap border erect, and with eyes aflame,
Cried, “You cowardly Tory, strike if you dare!
If you harm my head by a single hair,
You will pay with your own poor worthless life,
I’m Captain Jesse Sawyer’s wife!”
Then she caught up a huge oven broom from the ground;
But the officer wheeled with a single bound,
Put spurs to his steed and rode out of sight,
Routed and put to cowardly flight
By a woman’s daring; and we this day,
Proud of her words and spirit, say,
“All honor to her! our granddame brave,
Who helped this glorious land to save!”
And pray that the spirit that moved her then
May bless her descendants forever! Amen.’

"These generations grandmother has rested here with an ever increasing group of her own coming to their final sleep by her. Good men and women, how much do they owe to her blood and training! In the family records reaching back the life of the nation, I have found hosts of names of those who have served their communities and the nation with signal honor, but not a criminal, a public scoundrel or so much as a broken, divorced home. Fortunate record! In this day of increasing population, new inventions, vast wealth, undreamed of economic and industrial conditions coming too rapidly for assimilation, we are apt to find ourselves in dazed perplexity, whereupon, anxious for guidance, we, like the soldier, elbow out for distance, or like one in the dark, put forth a hand, or like the sinking swimmer, grasp at a straw. When thus blindly craving firm support, henceforth let us recall how heroically grandma faced every disaster; let us point out to our children this memorial, rehearsing to them the story of her to whom we today do reverent honor.

"Rev. Frank Mason North, a far abler and a more worthy descendant than I, was to have addressed you on this occasion. I will read his letter: 'Yesterday I wired you that I shall be unable to be with you and the other "descendants" at Walton. In my earlier letter I expressed the very genuine hope that I might be permitted to do reverence to our heroic ancestor, and to strengthen in ourselves the spirit of fidelity and devotion which she and others of her generation possessed. I am deeply interested in your researches. It was a genuine hope that I might show the appreciation by responding to the invitation and at the same time quicken my own interest in the fellowship of high service which persists through the generations in the line in which you and I find ourselves. The tablet inscription is most appropriate. Let me urge that you yourself make this the occasion for such an address as you alone, possessed as you are of the facts, can give. It would please me and, I am sure, many others if you would let this event be the text for a brochure which would give to the gen-

erations so closely following us an authentic statement of this ancestral history. And by all means emphasize as you can the spiritual and moral values that we feel belong to the characters which in heroic lives wrote that history in deeds of heroism and high service.'

"I crave your attention to a few of the many other messages at hand:

From Mrs. Emily W. Fleming: 'From Fredericksburg, Va. (1671), and from Kenmore (built 1752), the home of George Washington's little sister Betty, I send my mite to help and my heartfelt good wishes to all my kinspeople, known and unknown, and all my good friends in Walton. I am wishing you pleasant weather and an auspicious occasion.'

"From Gabriel North and Howell North White, wiring from Sunnyvale, California: 'We regret that we cannot be with you to join in honoring that brave woman whose name we bear. Please give best regards to all our friends and relatives and be assured we are with you in spirit.'

"From Phelps Phelps, New York City: 'Many decades may have elapsed and relationship may be remote, but I certainly appreciated your letter. Although I am in the midst of an exciting campaign, I hope to be in Walton the 28th. If I am not, please express my faithful greetings.'

"From Hart H. North and Morgan North, writing from San Francisco, California: 'To our cousins and fellow descendants from Margaret Furman North. We, on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, respectively great grandson and great-great grandson of "The Mother of us all," send greetings to her and to you, and express our sincere regrets at being unable to be present with you to do honor to her memory on dedication day. To us of the west, whose civilization dates back but one man's lifetime, it is easy to picture the hardships and privations of our revered ancestor. And we are proud to realize that we, too, are of her blood.'

"Ere closing, in response to the suggestions of Frank Mason North and other kinsfolk, I will briefly outline the records linking us with the life of this good woman. Of printed data I refer you to the 'Notes on Brooklyn,' published in 1824 by her nephew, Gabriel Furman, to the 'Annals of Newtown,' published in 1852, to Mather's 'Refugees of 1776 from Long Island to Connecticut,' published in 1913, and, if you will pardon me, to North's 'Founders of Walton,' published in 1924. From letters and word of mouth, I give you what follows:

"You will recall that daughter, Abigail North Remsen, died in 1771, leaving a daughter, just a year old. Little Margaret Remsen and her grandmother, Margaret Furman North, were devoted chums, and in 1791, when Richard Gosline revisited Newtown, young Margaret insisted on returning to Walton with him that she might visit her beloved grandmother. At Delhi on the return trip Richard Gosline was taken ill, whereupon Margaret Remsen insisted that he ride her horse and so she walked the seventeen miles to Walton and Grandmother. Four years later, at Newtown, Margaret Remsen became the wife of Joshua Pine, Jr., and thereafter resided in Walton, where she and grandmother Margaret were often together. Now I will read a letter, dated New York, August 15, 1817, written by George Pine, to his mother, Margaret Remsen Pine: 'Last Sabbath I went to Newtown. Found all well. Desired to be remembered to my mother. From there I went to Flushing. From Flushing to Rockhill to see Sir Francis DeMilt (note: Joshua Pine's mother was a DeMilt), and from there to Rockaway Beach. Went into the surf. From there to Jamaica, and from there home, making fifty miles. I send a finger ring for Uncle Charles Stockton, with my respects.'

"In 1820, Margaret Remsen Pine's eldest child, Mary, married Robert North, Jr. I quote now from a letter, dated New York, August 3, 1824, written to Robert North, Jr., by his cousin, that heroic young Col. Gabriel North, Jr., who led the

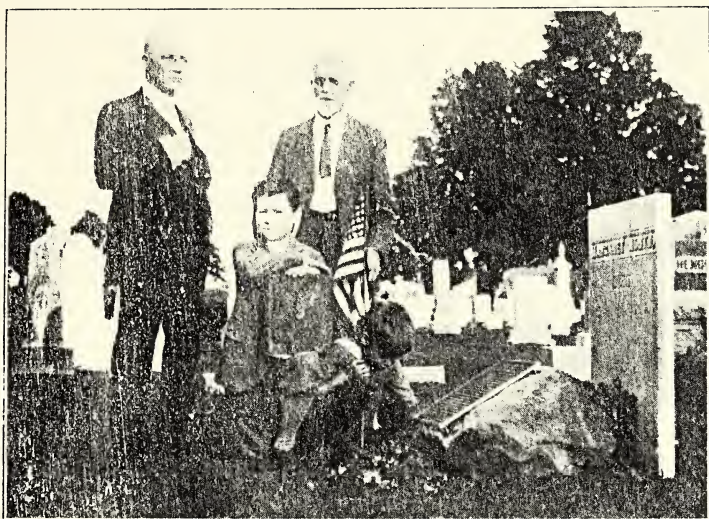
Walton soldiers during the Canadian campaign in the war of 1812: 'I have lately had the pleasure of a delightful ride with George (Pine) to Rockaway Beach. We arrived at your (wife's?) grandfather's, finding all well and glad to see us. Uncle Remsen insisted on my spending a week with him. I have visited but few of the public places of this city. I have only seen Vanderlyn's painting of the Garden of Versailles, and Col. Trumble's painting of Washington's Resignation, both of which I found well worth the attention of anyone. Yet were I to see all the curiosities of the world, without expense, gladly would I resign them to enjoy what you now enjoy—health and the happiness of being with my family—therefore be contented for you cannot realize the happiness you enjoy. Remember me to Col. Marvin and tell him to conduct military affairs, for I shall take no part. Give my compliments to Doct. Wm. M. Ogden. Here they are making great preparation to receive Genl. La Fayette and our citizens are anxiously awaiting his arrival. Tell your mother Pine her father is most anxious to see her. You all have my best wishes.'

"A quarter of a century after the writing of the foregoing letter the California gold fever was spreading over the world, and young George North, son of Robert, Jr., and of Mary, was about to seek his fortunes in the west. The night before his departure he took a farewell walk with his dearest confident, grandmother Margaret Remsen Pine. She led the way to the old cemetery, pausing before stones inscribed with familiar names, bade him remember in whatever trials or temptations might assail him, that his forefathers, also, had been pioneers and that he must ever, as they had done, live an upright honorable life. I quote now from a letter dated Marysville, California, April 20, 1853, written by that George North (my father) to his grandmother, Margaret Remsen Pine: 'With a heart full of affectionate and happy remembrances, I will write you a few lines, hoping they may reach you in the enjoyment of comfortable health, seated by your

own quiet, yet cheerful fireside, enjoying that repose which is so needful for your health and happiness. It is now a little more than a year since I bade you a sad farewell. Since then I have seen many strange scenes. But yesterday I was in an Indian camp and the mines. * * * Oh, how I love to think of the happy days of my boyhood at grandma's, they often come to my mind with all the enchantment that distance can lend. I often imagine myself seated at your side, on the long porch surrounded by flowers, or perchance in some corner of the yard in search of four-leaf clovers. How different here, all strife, bustle and confusion. I sincerely hope you may enjoy comfortable health the remainder of your days, and that your life may be prolonged to meet your affectionate grandson.'

"Sarah, sister of George North and last of her generation, died as you know a year ago, aged ninety-one. In one of our last conversations she informed me that at the Centennial celebration in Walton in 1876, Joshua Pine, third of the name, was the aged historian (I have his published address delivered then by Reeve Hobbie), and that he then sent word to George North, advising that the grave of the 'Mother of us all' might soon be forgotten. 'The affectionate grandson' of 'little granddaughter Margaret' accordingly had this plain slab you see here erected during the Centennial year. Now, in this sesqui-centennial year, you and I and other descendants far and near have erected here this memorial tablet sacred to her from whom we have the happy honor of being descended.

" 'Her children shall rise up and call her blessed.' "



Before the memorial boulder. A quartette of descendants with the flag and an early family Bible.



SAMUEL NORTH

First white child born in Walton. In Albany, printer's apprentice and law student. Admitted to practice by Chancellor Kent. By the time of his early death at twenty-five, he had won legal success, served as Clerk of the New York Legislature and evolved the plan of county and state political committees.

PART SECOND.

SUPPLEMENTARY DATA.

Here it may be appropriate to record certain fugitive items concerning the Mother of us All and her family. Born January 30, 1724, she was the fifth of ten sons and daughters of Gabriel Furman and Abigail Howard Furman, his wife. Newtown, her early home, was a pleasing little hamlet of worthy Dutch and English settlers. A few miles distant was Brooklyn, a city of some 3,500 inhabitants. On December 7, 1737, an earthquake "attended with very great noise" disturbed the community. Others came November 18, 1755, and June 18, 1773. On December 16, 1740, a great snow fell, remaining on the ground until April. The winter was exceedingly cold. On July 4, 1756, a destructive tornado swept over Long Island. Six years later there was a severe drought, while on July 3, 1766, fell "the greatest rain that had been known in that age." During the summer of 1756 Seres Etben with his wife and eight children, Acadian exiles all of them, found a home in Newtown. In September of the following year, French officers, prisoners on parole, were quartered on local families. They spent much of their time hunting game, of which there was an abundance. By so doing they mildly amused the residents who cared little for such sport. These officers were educated men, however, and their presence increased the local interest in education and an English and classical school was opened in 1760. By this time Newtown boasted five educational institutions. A school that doubtless Margaret Furman attended was a small stone structure erected in 1739 near the Hempstead Swamp on a plot of land "twenty foot square" deeded by Jacobsen Springsteen to his "loving friends," Gabriel Furman, Rem Remsen, Benjamin Coe, Dow Suydam and others, farmers residing thereabouts. Eight years later the erection of its new town hall

brought excitement to Newtown. In this same year, 1747, Margaret Furman was married to Benjamin North, son of Thomas North, who had come in 1708 from N. Kingston, Providence Plantations, with Abigail Comfort, his wife. An Indian uprising had caused North and his immediate neighbors to remove to Long Island. In 1734 Robert, an older brother of Benjamin, had gone to England to secure North titles and estates then in chancery. He returned disappointed, not being the oldest son he had received no hearing. On August 30, 1766, Benjamin North and Margaret, his wife, together with their neighbor, Benjamin Coe, joined the Presbyterian Church at Newtown. Three years later, on March 3, 1769, a most strange happening occurred in the midst of divine service in this church. A neighbor, "Nathaniel Fish, suddenly collapsed as though dead. Retaining in his face the color and freshness of health, his burial was deferred for days." No change appearing he was interred, though there was serious question as to whether or not he was dead. On April 3, 1775, the whigs of Newtown to the number of one hundred carried the local elections, naming a whig as deputy to the state convention called to select delegates to "meet on the 10th of May next, at Philadelphia, in another continental congress to adopt such constitutional measures," etc. Among the hundred appear the names of Gabriel Furman, Benjamin North and Luke Remsen.

And now sadness and tragedy entered into the life of our patriot mother. Even as I write with notes scattered about, a column in the current issue of a New York daily attracts my attention. I'll copy the lines for the story belongs right here.

Fishkill, New York, September 18, 1926.

"A hidden episode of the American Revolution was brought to light here two weeks ago. * * * At Continental Village, in the rugged hills north of Peekskill, stands a little monument to commemorate the heroism of an American regiment which stood guard there for six years from 1776 to 1782.

These men were in a post of great strategic importance, for they guarded the whole back country of the Hudson Valley against British attack. But they were isolated from the main communication routes and slowly they died of hunger, disease and exposure. Only a tragic remnant, starving and in tattered uniforms, lived to celebrate the end of the war and the establishment of the new republic. Several years ago the late Stuyvesant Fish said that their gallant stand was 'A Valley Forge multiplied six times.' * * * At Fishkill the delegates to the Provincial Congress met from September, 1776, to March, 1777, in the darkest days of the Revolutionary struggle."

From the old family record before me I will here append a single line, "Benjamin North, born at Newtown, 6 February, 1721, died March 28, 1777, at Continental Village, N. Y."

Out of a mass of information written in longhand years ago, I take the following concerning the children of Benjamin North and Margaret Furman North, his wife:

1. Benjamin, b. 1749; in 1792 m. Sarah Wicks, daughter of Ezekial Wicks and Sarah Haviland Wicks, of Huntington, L. I.; d. 1817. In 1775 or 6, commissioned a lieutenant by Governor George Clinton, first serving in Capt. James Alner's company of Grenadiers, Col. Lasher's regiment of Uniform troops, and when the British took possession of New York City on September 15, 1776, was in command of a company on the Battery. Part of this regiment was taken by the enemy, but Captain North with his company managed to elude the British, making their way via Kingsbridge into Westchester County on September 16th. "He remained in the army until near the close of the Revolutionary War, which year gave to our country the independence contended for, and made it the United States of America." He received promotions and his commission, proudly preserved by his grandson, Robert L. North, was destroyed in the great Chicago fire.

Children: Jane, b. 1792; Eliza, b. 1795; Benjamin W., b.

1797; William F., b. 1799; Hannah, b. 1801; Robert F., b. 1803.

2. Abigail North, b. 1749; in 1767 m. Luke Remsen, son of Rem Remsen and Mary Letten, his wife, of Newtown, L. I. Luke became a captain in the patriot army, being stationed a considerable time at Continental Village. Abigail, his wife, died prior to the war in 1771.

Children: Abraham, b. 1768; Margaret, b. 1770.

3. Mary North, b. 1754; m. Gabriel Smith, descendant of an early settler of Long Island, d. 1817. Gabriel Smith served under Captain Coe in the Newtown company in the Battle of Long Island, and later was stationed about Fishkill and Continental Village.

Children: Abigail, b. 1774; Margaret, b. 1779; Mary, b. 1781; Elizabeth, b. 1786.

4. Gabriel North, b. 1756; in 1780, m. Deborah Carter, daughter of John Carter and Hannah Benedict Carter, his wife, of New Canaan, Conn. At the Battle of Long Island, John Carter was a lieutenant of Daniel Benedict's Company of the Ninth Connecticut. Later he became a captain. In the October, 1780, Journals of the General Assembly of the Governor and Counties of Connecticut, it appears that "the taxes of Gabriel Smith, Benjamin North and Gabriel North, refugees from Long Island now residing in Norwalk and who left L. I. by reason of attachment to the American cause, be abated." Gabriel North died in 1827.

Children: Hannah, b. 1781; Deborah, b. 1783; Mary, b. 1789; Gabriel, b. 1790; Benjamin, b. 1793; Emiline, b. 1797; John, b. 1802.

5. Robert North, b. 1759; m., in 1783, Elizabeth Carter, daughter of Captain John Carter, *ante*; d. 1837. Seventeen year old Robert North was a fifer in Captain Benjamin Coe's Newtown company during the Battle of Long Island and immediately thereafter served in a company (probably his brother Benjamin's command) in Colonel Lasher's regiment of city uniform troops. The following year he was in Cap-

tain Billingen's company of Colonel Frear's regiment, later serving two years at Continental Village.

Children: Benjamin, b. 1784; Samuel, b. 1786; Betsey, b. 1789; Robert, b. 1792; Cyrus, b. 1793; Mary, b. 1796; Elizabeth, b. 1800; Hannah, b. 1803; Sarah, b. 1805. (Of these children Benjamin, Robert and Mary alone married and left issue.)

6. Martha North, b. 1761; m. Richard Gosline, d. 1846. In 1685 during the persecution of the Huguenots of Rouen, in Normandy, France, Etienne Gozelin and Etienne de Lancey fled to England and thence to New Amsterdam. In later years, a charming Mary DeLancy married William Walton, king's patentee to lands along the upper Delaware. Thus in 1785 came the village name of Walton. A descendant of the first Gozelin moved to the West Indies, where his son, Richard, must have known a young clerk of Nicholas Cruger, associate of William Walton. This clerk presently went to New York and like young Captain Benjamin North commanded a company on the Battery after the ill starred Battle of Long Island. There, I've nigh omitted his name—Alexander Hamilton, may it please you. Young Richard Goselin or Gorsline or Gosline as it now began to be spelled, returned to Newtown, eventually. He and his wife and their young son, Samuel B. Gosline, lived for some time in Walton. His sister, Ann, however, had married Captain Aeneas Shaw of the British army. Later the captain became a general and is said to have had a command in Canada. Perhaps that was the reason for the Goslines leaving Walton and settling in Kings County, New Brunswick. About 1830 some of them revisited Walton and were royally welcomed. For years nothing has been heard concerning them. In the Province of New Brunswick, Martha North Gosline died in 1847, last of her generation.

7. Elizabeth North, b. 1764; in 1779 m. Charles W. Stockton; d. 1805. In 1650 a Richard Stockton, descendant of one David de Stockton, who in 1250 lived at Chester, Eng-

land, came to the colonies, settling in Flushing, Long Island. Later he removed to what is now Princeton, New Jersey. A later Richard was a signer of the Declaration of the Independence, but Charles W. was a dashing Tory officer. Despite his politics, he was highly regarded by Margaret Furman North and her family. He became master of the first Masonic lodge in Delaware County.

Children: Mary, b. 1779; Abigail, b. 1781; Richard, b. 1785; Elizabeth and Martha (twins), b. 1788; Charles, b. 1792; Benjamin, b. 1795; Margaret, b. 1798; William, b. 1799; Thomas, b. 1805.

Thus it appears that at the opening of the nineteenth century there were thirty-nine grandchildren. Of these a number died in early youth. Many of the cousins intermarried. It would be interesting to know the aggregate descendants today. Of Martha's line I have no knowledge; of the lines of Benjamin and Abigail there are today comparatively few representatives. Fortunately the lines of Mary, Gabriel and Elizabeth have increased largely; of the line of Robert, however, there are, alas, but a score of us.

Robert North (1759-1837) was the last surviving son of Margaret Furman North. Doubtless Margaret Remsen Pine (1770-1854) was the last surviving relative knowing Margaret Furman North—and she had known her intimately. From my aunt, Margaret North (1825-1909), and my father, George North (1831-1900), both well recalling their grandfather, Robert North, and long intimate with their maternal grandmother, Margaret Remsen Pine, I received by word of mouth much concerning the North of revolutionary days. They were blue eyed, of strong physique, hard workers and unashamed of labor, of deep religious and moral convictions, fond of history, poetry and music and of most unusually accurate memories. They were sincere people, out of patience with pretense. Indeed, Abigail North Remsen taught her children to do their praying unseen and quietly in a closet hard by the fireplace. Though most genial and hospitable, in

an age of excessive drinking they were moderate in their habits. They loved fishing and dogs and horses, but cared little for hunting. Alas, could some of their descendants but enjoy those early opportunities for all kinds of game! Margaret Furman North possessed good furniture and old silver. In addition to being most proficient spinners and housekeepers, the North girls received unusually good education for the time, studying with their brothers. Mary North Smith taught the first school in Walton. After the Battle of Long Island, Robert North spent some time at Nine Partners, Dutchess County, New York, with his uncle, Robert North, a man of rare ability and education. It was this latter Robert North who, in 1734, had made the vain trip to England which might have proven more successful had it been undertaken by his brother, Jeremiah, the eldest son of that generation. From just before the Revolution the Norths took a deep interest in public affairs. After the war they became anti-federalists, though regarding highly their federalist friend and neighbor, Joshua Pine. The relationship between the three North brothers was always the closest, though Benjamin engaged in business as an inspector of lumber at 39 Harman Street, New York City, while Gabriel and Robert were preoccupied with the law and politics and farming at Walton. Robert looked upon his brother Gabriel and sister Elizabeth as having most unusual ability. Gabriel was full of fun; Robert more serious. Elizabeth, a small woman of great charm and splendid mind, was something of an aristocrat. She and her brother Robert were always most devoted comrades. Elizabeth was but forty-one when she died. Robert lived to a ripe old age, finally dying from typhoid fever contracted while generously caring for a sick friend. His children and grandchildren were gathered about his death bed, receiving his blessings and hearing him express forgiveness of any who had wronged him. Eight years earlier he had written to a greatly loved nephew, Benjamin North (father of C. C. North) of Brooklyn: "I have now four children in our church yard mouldering to dust.

Why is it that these dear and tender plants are cut down around me, and I, who stand like a dry and withered tree, am spared? Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight. May we be enabled always to say in sincerety, 'Not my will but Thine be done.' "

With like spirit in May, 1818, while "suffering the greatest agony and distress with which it is possible for the human frame to be afflicted" the dying husband of Robert's cousin, Margaret Remsen Pine, "gave his last admonition to this family, saying, 'Above all, my beloved children, never sacrifice your integrity upon any consideration whatever. Remember that there is a Being Who sees and governs all things, Who sees your hearts and reads your thoughts. Place your dependence on Him and Him alone, for He is sufficient for all things. He is omnipotent.' "

While boys in their teens these men had fought in the Revolution, later they had turned the wilderness to civilization. Withal they were ever gentle, God fearing, indomitable men. What finer inspirations for youths of any age! Assuredly, I appreciate that much herein set forth will receive curt attention these materialistic days, but it is written for the chance ones of the clan who now or at some later period may seek this personal information which, unless I make record of it, will die with me.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Toward the expenses of the tablet contributions are here acknowledged from the following, viz: Mrs. Anna Patrick Drake, J. Walter Drake, Rosalie, John, Barbara and Betty Drake, Phelps Phelps, Rev. Frank Mason North, Rev. Eric McCoy North, "Memory of Adolphus S. North," Wilson Doty North, Theodora North, Louisa North, "An Expected One," Howell North White and two sons, Mrs. Josephine Porter Van Name, H. H. North, Morgan North, Maude L. North, Arthur W. North, Robert Carver North, Mary Remsen North, Mary Patchen, Harris Sawyer, Harris Sawyer, Jr., Mrs. John P. White, Annie White, Margaret Ellen White, Marjorie Jane White, Nancy White, William North White, Florence Wardwell, Francis R. North and son, Blanche North Lyon, Dorothy Sewell Metzger, Sewell Metzger, John Townsend, Howell B. Townsend, Mrs. Ella Chrisman Jenner, Mrs. Eugenia Townsend Miles, Will F. North, H. E. North, Benjamin G. North, Mrs. Dorothy North Hume and "Bill" Hume, Mary North, Florence North Wright, George A. Wright, Mrs. Julia Ogden Guild, Mrs. Edna Guild Pine, Mrs. Emily Guild Shinn, Marjorie Shinn, George Pine, Julia Pine, Hannah Edson, Maria E. Janes, Charlotte Janes, Edward McLaury, Samuel H. Pond, Richard Sturgis Pond, Julius W. and Mrs. St. John, Harriet St. John, H. R. St. John, Earl Sheffield St. John, Effingham R. North, Charles E. North, Anna Palmer North, Jean Palmer North, Amelia Potter North, Charlotte North, Charles E. North, Jr., Lila North, Alan Mead North, Julia Brandt, Everett North, Vaughn North, William North, Virginia North, Gertrude Sawyer Cobb, Russell Sawyer Cobb, Gabriel North and family, Mrs. Florence St. John Pond, James M. Peake, Harry St. John Hyde, Mrs. Bessie Hyde Brace, Florence Sheffield Boardman, Mabel Thorp Boardman, William J. Boardman, Florence Sheffield Keeh, Josephine Boardman Crane, Mrs. Emily W. Fleming, a total of \$104.00.

The following expenditures are noted:

Postage and stamped envelopes	\$ 6.99
Telephone, typewriter ribbon and other incidentals	5.00
Woodburn Bros., transporting and drilling boulder and setting tablet in place	5.00
Reporter Co., printing 200 circular letters	8.50
Bronze Memorial Studios, tablet 13" by 15"	50.00
Reporter Co., two cuts for brochure	9.50
Typing for printing final copy of this brochure	3.00
Estimated cost of printing and mailing out brochures	50.00
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Total	\$137.99
Estimated deficit.	\$33.99

Vouchers attached.

We have gone over the above accounts and the same are correct.

A. J. COURTNEY,
Mayor of Walton.
EARL SHEFFIELD ST. JOHN,
Postmaster of Walton.

Copies of the brochures will be mailed to interested descendants.

\$2.50